

THE KEY TO THOMAS HEART.

BY WILL M. CANNON.

Ride with me, Uncle Nathan? I don't care an I do, My poor old heart's in a hurry; I'm anxious to get through. My soul outwalks my body; my legs are far from strong; An' it's mighty kind o' you, doctor, to help the old man along.

I'm some 'at full o' bustle; there's business to be done. I've just been out to the village to see my youngest son. You used to know him, doctor, ere he his age did get. An' if I ain't mistaken, you sometimes see him yet.

We took him through his boyhood, with never a ground for fears; But somehow he stumbled over his early manhood's years. The landmarks that we showed him, he seems to wander from; Though in his heart there was never a better boy than Tom.

He was quick o' mind an' body in all he done an' said; But all the gold he reached for, it seemed to turn to lead. The devil of grog it caught him, an' held him, though the while He has never grudging his parents a pleasant word an' smile.

The devil of grog it caught him, an' then he turned an' said, y that which fed from off him, he henceforth would be fed; An' that which lived upon him, should give him a livin' o'er; An' so he keeps that doggerly that's next to Wilson's store.

But howe'er he's wandered, I've always so far heard That he had a sense of honor, an' never broke his word; An' his mother, from the good Lord, she says, has understood That, if he agrees to be sober, he'll keep the promise good.

An' so when just this mornin' these poor old eyes o' mine Saw all the women round him, a-coaxin' him to sign, An' when the Widow Adams let fly a homespun prayer, An' he looked kind o' wild like, an' started un- aware,

An' glanced at her an' instant, an' then at his legs o' run, I somehow knew in a minute the turnin'-point had come; An' he would be as good a man as ever yet there's been, Or else let go forever, an' sink in the sea of sin.

An' I knew, whatever efforts might carry him or fail, There was only one could help God to turn the waverin' scale; An' I skinned away in a hurry—I was bound to do my part— To get the mother, who carries the key to Thomas' heart.

He's gettin' old an' feeble, an' childlike in her talk; An' we've no horse an' buggy, an' she will have to walk; But she would be fast to come, sir, the gracious chance to seize, If she had to crawl to Thomas upon her hands an' knees.

Crawl—walk? No, not if I know it! So set your mind at rest. Why, hang it! I'm Tom's customer, and said to be his best! But if this blooded horse here will show his usual power, Poor Tom shall see his mother in less than half an hour.

—Barber's Weekly.

A SHOT FOR A LIFE.

Where the Kentucky river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs, that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who, with his wife and little child, a charming young girl of some eight or nine years of age, occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region, he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude home of the hunter, and, being always welcomed and provided with such food as was in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude. Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making her some toy or plaything from willow twigs or pliant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he were within the walls of a frontier fort. One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment a tall savage, whose reeling step and bloodshot eyes told him he was intoxicated, appeared, and, staggering to the log steps, threw himself upon them. His first demand was for fire-water, which was, of course, refused, on the ground that there was none in the house. The Indian became cross and ugly, and declared with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the whole household.

Branson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw he would be compelled to prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threat.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk, Branson sprang at him, knocked him down with his fist, and then quietly disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few moments of furious raving, he rolled over and fell into a drunken sleep. He did not awaken until the next morning, but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side. The savage, on awakening, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thongs had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and, without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber near by.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to her husband with a frightened look.

"Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute!" answered the settler lightly; but as he turned away and stepped into the yard he muttered:

"Like it? Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not remember, but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstances."

The summer passed and they saw their drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber not far from the house, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes, which quickly disappeared when he advanced to where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian warrior whom he had knocked down and bound the previous spring. The news was not in any way comforting, and hence he did not tell his wife of his discovery.

It would only alarm her, he thought, and without perhaps any good result. He simply told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and that she and the child must stay within or close to the house during his absence.

Several days afterward Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and, knowing they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where the dogs were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and as he arrived in sight they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and, when he at last got a shot that finished brui'n's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his meat to a sapling, out of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get his horse and return and fetch it that very night.

Taking a near cut, he reached the cabin from the western side where the timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

Thus it was that, when within a short distance of his home, he heard a wild piercing shriek; but he could only guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves. Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be known, Branson sprang forward like a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart; for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place, and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin facing the cliff, of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face as pallid as death, her arms outstretched, her eyes fixed upon the precipitous heights up which the figure of the Indian was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and Branson saw that the bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerves as steady as the rocks around, the father for a moment quailed and cowered under what his quick senses told him—the deadly peril of the little one. But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward and downward, the parents saw in his hideously painted countenance

the full purpose that actuated the abduction.

"God aid me!" Branson muttered, as he raised his rifle, glanced through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph he passed upward.

"Too low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot. Where was this man from? Who was he? Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanations. The stranger, a man rather below than above ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buckskin garments, stepped quickly forward a few paces, and firmly planted his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle, as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Branson, while the agonized mother uttered an audible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian," was the quick reply, and the sharp click! click! of the hammer, as it was drawn back, told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad edge of rock he paused for a moment. This opportunity was seized by the unknown. Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of him as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate to make the shot.

For one second, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, and then instantly became immovable as though held in a vice. With clasped hands and staring eyes the parents watched the statue-like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out; the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clearer, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly an instant and then pitch forward upon the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where his child lay, and in a few moments more the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," exclaimed the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Daniel Boone," he said, and was gone.

DANBURY NEWS-AND-VEES.

MASSACHUSETTS temper is sadly pucked by Butler per Simmons.

THERE is nothing that will so sap the levity out of a man as sitting down on a damp spot in thin pants.

A DANBURY man received a telegram from Buffalo, Monday, announcing the death of his wife's mother, and requesting him to attend the funeral. As he is an Episcopalian he refused to go on account of it being Lent.

THE New York Evening Mail starts the report that the editor of this paper has \$25,000 in bank. As such a report is calculated to injure him in the opinion of all good citizens, he wishes to state, without offensive boasting, that he has not 25 cents in any bank, chartered up to our going to press.

THERE are young men who cannot hold a skein of yarn for their mothers without wincing, but will hold 125 pounds of a neighboring family for the best part of a night with a patience and docility that are certainly phenomenal.

MR. HARMONY inquired for his overalls Monday morning. The newly graduated daughter, to whom the request was preferred, sent it up the stairway like this: "Ma! Pa wants his cerulean wrappers," and straightway dove into her toast, leaving pa gapping with all his might at the back of her head.

THE excitement of the accident to young Merriman, Tuesday, whereby he was thrown against a fence and broke both of his legs, brought together two estranged families and four estranged single parties, in the neighborhood, and they are now friendlier than ever, we are told.

HANSFORD & THOMPSON, Publishers, Chicago, sold the first large edition of Periam's "History of the Farmer's Movement" in two weeks. A second edition, embracing proceedings of the St. Louis Convention, held in February, 1874, is just being issued. Agents are reaping a rich harvest with it. We advertise it this week.

THE experiment recently tried in some Eastern schools, of using a newspaper for reading exercises instead of a reading-book, is proving a great success.

COMMON SENSE REASONS why DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS should be used.

1st. They are an entire Vegetable Bitters, free from all alcoholic stimulants.

2d. They are the result of careful study, experiment and labor.

3d. The greatest care is taken to secure medical virtues, and exclude everything objectionable.

4th. They unite, as a life-restoring scientific tonic, the greatest strengthening and vitalizing principles.

5th. Persons of sedentary habits and over-worked, find in them a specific for want of appetite, palpitation, debility, constipation, and many other nameless ailments.

6th. The aged find in them guarantee of prolonged health and life, and weak and delicate females and mothers find special benefit in their use.

7th. They are the MASTER OF DISEASE.

35

THAT is a smart boy baby in Oak Harbor, Ohio. He can walk, talk, speak French and English, whistle and sing, and all at the tender age of 13 months.

The Organ as a household instrument has been rapidly growing in favor, and the yearly sales are now enormous. A good organ remains in tune, is easily kept in order, and blends naturally with the quality of the voice. The advertisement of the Smith American Organ Co., in another column, is referred to the consideration of our readers. This house has an enviable reputation for good work and fair dealing.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is very strongly recommended by the medical faculty, and is largely prescribed among their female patients. It is worthy of all confidence, as may be seen from the following testimonial:

ATLANTA, Ill., July 14, 1873.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—I have not words to express my gratitude to you for your advice and assistance in my case. There is not one who has used your medicines since they have been brought here but that can say with me they have been greatly benefited. Since I have been so helped by its use, six or seven around me left off all doctors and other medicines, and now use it in their families, after being cured of the same disease as mine. You do not know what a wonder it created in our city, by its restoring my sister I wrote you about, for she had been under the care of three of our best doctors, but could not sit up but for a few minutes at a time. I begged of her to try your medicine, and before she had used half of the bottles she could go all around the yard, and has now just come home from a visit five miles away.

Mrs. THOS. McFARLAND.

DR. WILHOFF'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—Wilhoft's Tonic has established itself as the real infallible cure. It is universally admitted to be the only reliable and harmless medicine now in use. Its efficacy is confirmed by thousands of certificates of the very best people from all parts of the country. It cures malarious diseases of every type, from the shaking ague of the lakes and valleys to the raging fevers of the torrid zone. Try it! It has never been known to fail.

WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., proprietors, New Orleans.

A HUMANE INSTITUTION established fifteen years ago for the cure of deformities of the spine, limbs and face, paralysis, piles, fistula, catarrh, chronic diseases and diseased joints is the National Surgical Institute, Indianapolis, Ind. It is the largest institution of the kind in the nation, has a capital stock of \$500,000, and cures thousands of sufferers annually. Send for their circular, which is mailed free to any address.—[Com.]

We have seen it stated in various papers throughout the country, that agents for the sale of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders were authorized to refund the money to any person who should use them and not be satisfied with the result. We doubted this at first, but the proprietors authorize us to say that it is true.—[Com.]

COUGHS, colds, sore throat and similar troubles if allowed to progress will result in serious pulmonary affections—frequently incurable. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial reaches at once the seat of the disease, and gives immediate relief.—[Com.]

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment is, without doubt, the safest, surest, and best remedy that has ever been invented for internal and external use. It is applicable to a great variety of complaints, and is equally beneficial for man or beast.—[Com.]

A PENNY saved here and there counts up at the end of the year. Buy only SILVER-TIPPED Shoes and you will save dollars instead of cents. Parents remember this.

GO TO RIVERVIEW Water Cure, Hamilton, Ill.



Nature's Great Remedy

FOR ALL

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES!!

It is the vital principle of the Pine Tree, obtained by a peculiar process in the distillation of the tar, by which its highest medicinal properties are retained. Tar even in its crude state has been recommended by eminent physicians of every school. It is confidently offered to the afflicted for the following simple reasons:

1. It cures, not by abruptly stopping the cough—but by dissolving the phlegm and assisting nature to throw off the unhealthy matter causing the irritation. In cases of acute consumption it both prolongs and renders less burdensome the life of the afflicted sufferer.

2. Its healing principle acts upon the irritated surface of the lungs, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving pain, and subduing inflammation.

3. It PURIFIES AND ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Positively curing all humors, from the common PIMPLE or ERUPTION to the severest cases of SCROFULA. Thousands of affidavits could be produced from those who have felt the beneficial effects of PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL in the various diseases arising from IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

4. It incorporates the digestive organs and restores the appetite.

All who have known or tried Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's remedies require no references from us, but the names of thousands cured by them can be given to any one who doubts our statement. Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Great American Syphilis Pills and Worm Sugar Drops have never been equalled. For sale by all Druggists and Storekeepers, and at Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART'S Office, No. 232 N. Second St., Philadelphia.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF Cures the Worst Pains ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES. NOT ONE HOUR.

AFTER READING THIS ADVERTISEMENT, Need any one Suffer with Pain? Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS 'THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY' that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATISM, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague, Spasms, Sour Stomach, The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Croup, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains. Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE. FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious Diseases, Scour, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per Bottle.

HEALTH. BEAUTY. STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT Has made the most astonishing Cures; so quick, so rapid are the changes the Body undergoes, under the influence of this truly Wonderful Medicine, that Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and excrements the vital force of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular diseases, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system. Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sore, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Nail Rheum, Eczema, Acne, Black Sores, Worms in the Face, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful diseases. Night sweats, Loss of sperm and waste of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonderful Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the waste and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting this waste, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repair will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofula, Consumption, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stomach of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or thread-like white, or the urine is dark, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by RADWAY'S RESOLVENT. PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative and Regulating Pills, perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, sugar, and regulate the bowels, strengthen RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Colic, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bile, Worms in the Face, Typhus and Typhoid Fevers, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disorders of the Digestive System: Bile, Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Digestion of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructation, Sinking or Floating at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Vertigo, or the Head for the Sight, Fever and Heat in the Head, Debility of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, or Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Face. A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price 25 cents per Box. Sold by Druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO. No. 32 Warren St., N. Y. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

PER WEEK guaranteed to Agents on a Newly Patented Article. Salable as four. For circulars, address R. LAWYER, Patentee, Pittsburgh, Pa.

atalogue for 1874 will be sent free to Agents on application. NEW MAPS, CHARTS, CHRONOMETER, &c. Our new Maps of INDIA, AFRICA, EUROPE, and AMERICA are the best and cheapest published.

R. C. BRIDGMAN, 8 Barclay Street, N. Y.

WHAT ARE PILLS? READ "PLAIN BLUNT FACTS," a Treatise on the Causes, History, Cure and Prevention of PILLS. By F. BRUNSTADTER & CO., 46 Walker Street, New York. Sent FREE! on receipt of a letter stamp.

STANDARD LOTTA BUSTLE. Diploma Awarded by the American Institute each year. A. W. Thomas, Patentee and Manufacturer, for the Lightest, Strongest and most comfortable Bustle—The Standard Lotta Bustle. Sent to suit every style of dress. Wholesale Depots: 91 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK, 301 RACE ST., PHILADELPHIA.